Falſ. I would it were bed time, Hal, and all well.
Prince. Why? thou oweſt God a death.
Falſ. T'is not due yet, I would be loth to pay him, before his day: what need e I be ſo forward with him that cals not on mee? Well, t'is no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if honor pricke me off when I come on? how then? can honor ſet to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in ſurgery then? no: What is honour? a worde: what is in that word? honor: what is that honour? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday, doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: t'is inſenſible then? yea: to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore ile none of it, honor is a meere skutchion, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard,
The liberall kinde offer of the king.
Ver. T'were beſt he did.
Wor. Then are we all vnder one.
It is not poſſible: it cannot be
The king ſhould keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and finde a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults,
Suppoſition, al our liues ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſh't and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how we can, or ſad, or merily;
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotſpur gouern'd by a ſpleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

We